

Mirrors of Darkness by WriterRealms

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Summary: In the year of 2039 when you play with the Devils' hour on Halloween, things can go bad. Maxwell Ashford decided to get revenge on his little sister. Little did he know he sent her to IT. But she is not what she seems to Pennywise. Prey or something else? Rated M for later chapters.

1. 1 Monster

Monsters

You've got no place to hide.

And I'm feeling like a villain, got a hunger inside.

One look in my eyes,

And you're running cause I'm coming going to eat you alive. Ah ah ah oh.

Your heart hits like a drum, oh, oh oh

*The Chase has just begun, oh, oh oh –Rulle, **Monsters***

October 31st, 2039 Derry Maine.

The world had shifted, dividing itself into the realities of non reality, not quiet up to par with most Sci-fi shows or even Blade Runner but it was getting there. The Dreamers arcade had opened up and those with implant oculus got to enjoy new games. Going into games from the early 80's and up, but there was a warning to never use it on Halloween during the Devil's hour of three am. Something bad always happened and if users didn't die worse things happened. No one paid attention to that right now, especially Maxwell Ashford. His sister was still working on her art not really acknowledging him as he came home from his freshman break from college.

Before her accident they had always been close most mistook them for twins, but falling through the ice nearly being dead for a day changed Eona. The lighter bubbly side had died and what had come back was something else. Mad at her he waited till she was asleep to hack into the neural implant she had from therapy and uploaded a program to trigger on the last thing she had seen, or interacted with. Leaving quietly with a smirk, going downstairs to watch his favorite sports team.

Eona woke up in her room and found it was not how she left it; it was the room of something from there grandmother's time of 1985. Feeling the fabric she got dressed in simple converse and jeans with a

cold shoulder sweatshirt. Hair down, going downstairs, no one was home, she stepped out into the world and realized as two boys walked by, one with a stutter, that this was IT's Derry Maine. She was in IT's world. She had recently finished the book and watched both movies for her Halloween retreat.

Eona moved down the street, remembering the paths taken by the characters to stop across from the house on Neibolt Street. No fear, but fascination, she moved toward the back where he had scared Eddie. Waiting. Her wait didn't lead to disappointment because Henry and his gang strolled by in the car and stopped seeing her to get out and harass her. Her answer was not in words but in a judo throw of sorts Henry found himself at knife point to his own knife and Eona sung Monsters by Ruelle. Moving close to his ear as she watched the others.

"One misstep your mine, and you better stay clever if you want to survive..." She tightened on him cutting just a little. "The hunt has just begun..." She let him go he whipped around freaked out.

"You'll float down there..." She grinned. "You'll see...Patrick." Her eyes switched to the Pyromaniac. They booked it.

Freaked out, she watched and arched a brow hearing the faint jingle behind her.

"Hello Pennywise," She turned looking at the Clown.

It was the Skarsgard version she found herself facing, the one she preferred, "I don't want a balloon...but I do want something else."

The clown looked at her perplexed yet a shiver danced his spine, she was not from this world, it was obvious, and the way she had made them feel fear. Studying her, she was a slender five foot six; young of sixteen or seventeen, with very pale skin it was also fair. Her eyes were a very unnatural blue, and her hair was a deep rich red it bordered a sort of dark brown. Quiet pretty actually between that child and adult. The unpredictable stage of life and forming, she was playing with the knife still between her fingers.

"I don't give things to strangers..." He mused.

"Well I'm Eona the Traveler. Yes, Eona meet Pennywise, Pennywise meet Eona. There, now we aren't strangers are we? The Turtle didn't send me, and the turtle can't help anyone here." She said casually.

Pennywise moved up to her and she kept his gaze, the seven foot clown still smelt no fear. Hand going around her throat she tilted her neck to his grip. She smiled at him instead, she had to be dreaming. Pennywise saw a glint of yellow in the blue that he didn't squeeze; instead he held her face and stared into her eyes. She was a true traveler, maybe she came here by the same means or another little multi-verse. But what he did know was she was trapped, trapped in her current form. No one had taught her, which meant someone had messed with her long ago. She needed to be remade, but that took time, patience and bonding.

He was a creature of habit, to bind and change her would not only take patience but a piece of him. Did he really want to do that? It meant they would be oh so close, like mates.

"What do you want Eona?" He asked softly but seriously.

Eona watched him, "To stay here."

She didn't want to go back to her world; she wanted to stay in his world. Pennywise let her go and regarded her. Thinking of killing her didn't satisfy him, thinking of banishing her didn't satisfy him either. Thinking of keeping her appealed to him, but thinking of her scaring his prey with him made him salivate. Putting a hand out to her, she looked at it and reached out, her slender hand took his. He enclosed his around hers and pulled coaxingly.

"Come on then Eona...come with me." He pulled toward the house to go for the well. Eona didn't resist instead she fell into step beside him. He was pleased by this and thought on perhaps changing her after all.

Ashford House November 1st, 2039

Mrs. Ashford started screaming for her husband who burst into the room to find out what was wrong and found that the room was empty. Eona Ashford was gone. Max had come down the hall finding

out that his sister was gone and looked around the room to find the hookup for the oculus system went to Stephen King's series set. When his parents left he found it to be...IT. Turning he pulled the sheet on accident a jingle made him stop. Looking back his eyes fell on the source as it shined in the light of the morning sun. A single bell...for a dancing clown.

2. 2 We are Monsters

We are Monsters

Pennywise had expected many things after taking young Eona down to his lair at the heart of Derry. Yet she had blown away all the expectations, no complaints, looking up at the victims that floated with not so much as a look of horror or revulsion. Reaching up she in fact let an object join the sort of current watching it slide from her fingers. There was a sort of haunting grace to that simple action. Eona promised to stay there while he went on a hunt, and he returned to find her not in the spot he left her but in the shadows working on something, fixing it, but in his stride to let his victim float he saw her clothing had been thrown to join the pile.

Turning feeling her step out he stopped. She was in boots that stopped mid shin, form fit black pants, with a belt, a simple red dress shirt but she had fashioned leather together to create a corset like vest. Her red hair was down at the sides but braided back tied with leather and clipped with metal, bangs streaked. Paler then she had been wearing leather arm guards fashioned from leather and sports equipment, hands gloved. A single tie of silver tucked into the vest and she had a cuff in her left ear. Ears pierced twice messing with a Fedora in her hand. Looking up the light caught her eyes the blue was almost gone, a sort of pale lifeless silver tone.

His witty remark died on his lips before it even passed, she didn't look like a child anymore; this look suited her far better than her previous outfit. Eona smiled at Pennywise to hold up her hand and then turn it suddenly holding cards. Moving her hand again they were gone but one card and it suddenly went bladed and the facing of it warped to look from innocent to sinister somehow. Suddenly turning throwing it out a rat squeaked and jumped she twisted more went out sending the creature into a fit of fear as it bolted. She slipped on the hat and grinned a bit whistling she stepped out heading for the surface.

"Where are you going Eona?" He asked after a shiver of enjoyment from the brief fear caused in the creature, admiring the cards still stuck in the wall.

"I promised someone he would float." She answered sing song like back.

Pennywise followed at a distance and saw her come to the area where Henry and his gang often waited for the losers club. They were about to pick on Ben again when Patrick turned and cried out to find her there behind him. She looked up and the light caught her eyes in the right way they seemed blue yet gold in their own way. She suddenly smiled so animated.

"Hiya Patrick, Time to float." She giggled in an unsettling way.

He moved his can but she flicked out her wrist the card showed. "Ah ha you see I have an Ace up my sleeve."

She suddenly flicked her fingers it went silver and at him he caught it but cried out looking at his hand to find it sticking through it. Looking at her pissed off she wasn't there but her giggle could be heard from the tree areas.

"You'll float down here, they all float down here," her voice said sing song yet lowly like a whisper it echoed in the clearing eerily.

They looked around; Henry turned yelling she was up in the tree upside down. Eona balanced and scaled down to bark like she had been taught to in rock climbing lessons, to those who hadn't had them it looked like gravity didn't work. Releasing her feet she let them fall forward over her head to hit the ground. Pushing with her hands to stand back up, cracks resounding as her double jointed joints popped into place. Tilting her head it cracked and they screamed.

Henry and the others booked it; Patrick stared horrified as she held up his lighter. Balancing it on her fingers, it was lit. In her push up she had taken a swig of the mini flask in her breast pocket hidden on the inside. Looking up at him using the same trick she had her brother; able to roll her eyes back, all Patrick saw was white. Keeping the brandy held under her tongue, grinning at him. She suddenly blew out; he got hit by the fire.

Screaming as his clothes caught he made for the water, rolling down

the hill. Hitting himself, she followed and he saw that. Then lost sight of her. Eona had spent her time in Pennywise's lair to collect his fear. Moving down the path she cut him off, he nearly smacked into her. "Don't you want your friends Pat?" He looked at her hand and saw... leeches! Patrick screamed falling back on his hands and feet scooting as she secretly used her feet to trip the hidden jars more leeches slipped into the shallow water around him as he backed into it.

Pennywise watched it all, she was so limited but she made it work, she drew out their fear, she sought their fear and made it reality. He breathed in the fear Patrick gave off and drooled more, she kept moving, making Patrick back up for the sewer system of the Barrens. He took off for it and she stopped waving her fingers at him with a smile. He looked behind him then back but Eona had moved behind the trees out of sight. Glancing up the hill she looked at Pennywise and smiled slowly with a wink. Tipping her hat he realized she was hunting for him this time. He moved after Patrick but before he passed her he let fingers trail her throat with a simple growl.

Eona had scared his prey because it had entertained her, she didn't hunger for it like he did but she knew what to do. She was a monster; she was just a different kind of monster.

She went back to his lair and saw Patrick's body with the others that were floating. Not seeing the glowing yellow eyes watching her in the dark behind her where it sat. Pennywise watched her, Patrick had tasted far better so afraid, he was satisfied for now on hunger but he had a different hunger. He was a monster, an eater of worlds, alone, but after today he didn't want to be just a monster, just an eater of worlds, and he didn't want to be alone. For now Eona was in his world but what if what brought her here took her back?

The thought made him snarl.

"Eona," he said finally.

Eona turned hearing him to blink and smiled, she moved to him as he sat up and forward, sitting down he was level with her. He kept her gaze and still felt no fear, instead he felt a sense of comfort and longing from her she didn't know she was projecting. He let his fingers play down her slender arms she shivered and not from fear.

Pennywise breathed her in, beyond that was her, startled by how much he was pleased by it in a way. After all these centuries he had not once craved another but he found himself starting to.

"Do you still want to stay here Eona?" He asked looking to her.

"Yes, why?" She tilted her head as she asked he pulled her closer.

"There is a way but if you take it, you belong to me, you will have to stay with me, until you are killed or time ceases to exist." He said softly but seriously.

He was rewarded by that smile and she reached up, hands holding his pale white face.

"I already belong to you Pennywise, I did the moment I said your name when we met. We are the only real monsters here. Forever. Until I cease to be. I took that choice when my fingers slid into your hand." She believed that.

Pennywise watched her and growled at her admissions. Feeling her hold and thumbs trace but what he hadn't expected was her lean and lips leave a tender trace against his bright red nose. Pennywise pulled her into him and growled putting her under and deep asleep without the deadlights. Picking her up and taking her to his personal area. He would keep this strange woman and take her humanity. He would make her a monster.

3. 3 what yellow eyes you have

What Yellow Eyes you have

Eona woke up in a well kept bed in the darkness. Faint candle light was the only light source but it felt like someone pulling back the curtain first thing in the morning and letting the sunlight hit you full in the face. She snapped her eyes shut and turned over away from the light and groaned. Opening her eyes she looked to see a mirror and did a double take. Her neck had a wound and a sort of cutting brand coated by black red sticky liquid that rose in wispy edges. Yellow eyes stared back at her, her yellow eyes. There were tones to the yellow. Burnt sierra and liquid embers, she could see details in her face, hair and clothes as if magnified. Touching the mirror she could feel the glass through her gloves. The coolness and press that made its reflective surface.

She suddenly put her hands to her ears as a loud noise assaulted them, burying her head in the sofa. Pennywise returned and saw her as she was and knew her senses had started to change. Moving to her he touched her hands she looked up and he saw the yellow, the pale change. Smiling, she was changing faster than he expected taking her face in his hands, studying her eyes.

"It hurts, I know. You are changing my Ea...soon you'll be like me." She shivered and grabbed his wrists surprising him as she nuzzled into his hands.

Her look got a bit dazed and he realized his touch helped get over the pain she was feeling at the moment. She moved into his lap and nuzzled without a word to breathe in and her eyes half closed. Relaxing. Pennywise tilted his head and let her stay there watching her, she would have to stay here while she changed, she was vulnerable. Tracing his marks on her that was starting scar, heal, that part of him that was in her growing stronger as she relaxed accepting the change.

Eona fell asleep, she needed to sleep, and soon when the changes were complete she would need to feed. He would take her to hunt if she was strong enough, if worse came to worse he would hunt and

return to feed her. The changes wouldn't be permanent if she didn't feed. Lost in thought he didn't see her eyes line red and teeth go sharp. Eona lunged sinking those teeth into Pennywise's throat he stiffened and his but she didn't tear at him. She growled and it reverberated through him he suddenly gasped and gripped the mattress to shudder. A new feeling of Euphoria swept through him. She fed on him, his blood a bit and let go groaning he could hear cracks as she gripped him.

Her first shift starting to take place, Pennywise looked to her holding her waist as she arched, falling back to start a fit. He couldn't stop it or help her; she had to survive it on her own.

4. 4 Meet Emberlynn

Meet Emberlynn

Pennywise had left to go hunt and come back not able to get those damn kids yet but he found Eona was gone. No trace, his door open, her scent stale, she had been gone for quite some time. Cursing he concentrated and sensed her in the sewers not too far away, he moved after her and exited the tunnel in the Barrens to hang back to see the loser's club facing an angry Bowers.

Boots touched the rock they all turned and Pennywise froze. Long boots stopped before the knee, in form fit black pants with side gold edges. A true white grey dress shirt with a fringe tie of red, a black vest with gold trim and a red jacket with black, long red hair up yet down spilling with curls to it, hands gloved, face hidden due to looking down and the top hat. Ears pierced three times with twin cuffs in the top of each ear. Looking like a ring master, Henry shoved Bill away.

"Who the fuck are you?" He demanded the woman giggled twirling her cane letting it stop and leaned on it as she looked up.

"So rude as usual, why I'm Emberlynn the Ringmaster." She answered with a giggle and was deathly pale, lips dark red it boarded black.

One eye gold the other blue, eyes dark shadowed marks sweeping under her eyes touching her nose going to the temples it was like she was wearing a masquerade mask, making those eyes hypnotic and stand out. Delicate brow arching as she tilted her head shifting her fingers a card danced across it like a coin. Henry got wide eyed along with his group and Ben backed up.

"You, where's Pat!?" He said taking out his knife.

"Oh Patty boy is floating like I promised. Hello Benny." She looked to the side at Ben he jumped a bit but swallowed.

She looked back at Henry who came at her with his knife she pulled her cane parrying him to stop he froze, sword point nearly at his eye.

Her cane a sword cane, eyes on him they turned fire yellow as she smiled suddenly with sharp teeth.

Markings going dark were darkening her eyes that were far more vibrant. Hungry eyes.

"I don't clown around I'm afraid, you see I'm new here so speak, and I'm so very hungry. You all just keep waking up the monsters, but that's alright." She looked at the Losers club.

"Run little rabbits unless you want to play, you aren't my prey. I like the darker side today. Save you twice I now have, but there will be much fun to be had. One slip and your mine gotta stay clever to survive, slip past me and you will see for the clown you were meant to be." She sings song rhymed with a giggle.

"Go." She lunged from the other side gone from in front of them Eddie and Stan screamed booking it. So did Henry and his two friends.

Eona breathed in deep letting eyes flutter closed and opened them to smile and slipped off in chase of Bower's friends. Pennywise had watched from his spot and shivered, salivating at the fear he could smell under the sugar and the blood in the flesh. Moving to catch up he made it in time to find one boy dead, the other facing a creature of pure white and black for eyes, with sharp teeth and talons. His fear vampires she had taken on the form of Iris of Thirty Days of Night, a vicious vampire. Screeching in her hunt of him, catching him as he screamed and she mawed him. Those vampires didn't bite and just suck blood, they mawed their victims like zombies with intelligence.

Shifting back as he staggered back and she had red down her chin. Staining her lips and lower face, leaning over him as he held his throat.

"Time to float!" She grinned with red teeth and suddenly grabbed his ankle he screamed but she turned and dragged him toward his dead friend, whistling a circus tune.

Pennywise stepped out and grabbed the dead boy as she joined him they moved for the sewer. Pennywise cackling while they walked, it

was easy to make both join the rest of the floating victims. He turned to find her standing on the crate his height looking at him. Eyes on each other, Pennywise stared back and for once wondered what someone was thinking. He couldn't tap into her thoughts like he did to find fears. She let gloved fingers mess with the pom poms on the front of his outfit. She smiled suddenly eyes looking up at him.

"Show me the one before the clown." She said and stepped back, "and maybe I'll show you something new too." She giggled and faded into the shadows.

5. 5 They called me Mr

They called me Mr. Gray

Pennywise blinked but considered her words to allow himself to shift back to his original form, his so human form which looked like a young wood worker. Eyes a deep hazel green, hair slicked back. Before he was called Pennywise, and looked around not able to sense Eona. Slender fingers touched his back he turned to get pushed back into the pile a bit and was facing Eona. Her hair was fully down in simple shorts and tank shirt, barefoot. Eyes the new haunting yellow, she let slender fingers pull and trace down one of the suspenders letting her eyes travel up to meet his.

The expression on her made his heart pick up unexplainably and his eyes bled yellow without him meaning to. She leaned up on slender tip toes slowly; eyes still on his but half pouted lips brushed his slowly in a sensual sweep. Pennywise shuddered and gripped her slender hips and felt her fingers slip into his shirt tracing his breath caught. Eyes half closing, confused, lost. He only knew hunger, fear, survival and sleep. He felt pleasure and not caused by satisfying hunger or inflicting fear. She willed the radio in the corner to kick on pulling from her memory of her world, the song you don't own me came on.

Taking advantage of her new power, catching his bottom lip she let teeth scrape. Pennywise growled ending in a groan as her nails teased flesh. Touch to them was different, having more levels, before he could say anything she kissed him and hard. Pennywise kissed back tasting blood, hers, he growled and deepened the kiss. Giving in he started to experience true lust, it burned through his veins to his core. He let go of her hips to pull at her tank ripping it so his hands could roam skin. It wasn't enough he felt too hot, pulling frustrated, he tore his shirt with her help it was a race to get clothes off. Kicking open the door to his caravan, backing her up and picking her up, feeling slender legs wrap his waist.

He growled and lowered them to the bed gripping the mattress in one hand his long nails tore the material in his grip. She moved and he found himself underneath her, Eona moved and he gripped her hips

and his head snapped back. Sheathed inside her and feeling the heat and tight grip, he let out a ragged breath. Sitting up so suddenly when she started to move it stopped her, staring up into yellow eyes that burned. He pulled her hips as she moved and he answered moving himself, both gasping and lips ghosting before he claimed them and drowned out their moans.

He took over, needing the dominance, control, and she gave it. He brought her but didn't stop feeding on the lust, desires, sweeter than fear. Eona bit him and hard using those teeth making a pattern licking it with her tongue coated with her own blood that stuck and clung with wisps. Marked by her he broke inside somewhere and he took her harder. Needing her, bonding with her, letting her mark scar. It was like a contract, it bound her to his world and now to him completely, claimed, he couldn't stop his end when it came saying her nickname he called her only, his Ea. Falling back in a tangle of limbs. Fingers moving through her hair, she smelt of sweat, sex, blood and...him. He didn't retake his clown form; he would stay this form for her alone. Watching her back as she watched him.

"You should be careful Ea..." He said softly.

"Of what Enny?" she asked tilting her head having her own nickname for him now.

He growled gently, "Of me. If you keep this up I'll try and do something I shouldn't."

She arched a brow, "like what mate?"

He hid a shudder but had a growl that was more like a strange purr being called a mate.

"Like breed you or try to." He answered deeper.

She blinked but smirked, "Maybe you should be careful then Enny."

He frowned, "of what?"

She grinned, not answering but moving in a special way he gripped her and groaned. It was as if she was trying to seduce him and he growled and he would be lying if he didn't say it wasn't working.

"Pennywise....my mate." She whispered against his lips.

He growled and remarked her to move. What kind of monster did he create?

6. 6 Musings and Discoveries

Musings and Discovery

Pennywise reflected as he set up traps in the Neibolt house for the Losers club. Thinking of the last week, of Eona, of their hunts and time alone together. She was learning so fast how to hunt for herself, not able to use the deadlights yet but she would, he had no doubts of that, she just needed time. She had warned him about these children as well and he was starting to see truth to her warnings. Of needing to find new prey and possibly new hunting grounds, of keeping each other safe.

He traced his neck feeling the scars left by her, her claim on him. The thought of breaking routine to seek new grounds for a break together did appeal to him, he couldn't lie about that. He had also grown more attached to her, if they weren't hunting and he teaching her they were tangled in each other when they couldn't bear not touching the other. He hadn't meant to gain a mate, to share his world, but in truth neither had she. She had wanted to stay yes, but her intention had been to keep him company until old age stole her away back to the weeds.

They had been drawn to each other, and he didn't regret it. Closing his eyes, breathing in slowly and deeply as memories chased across his mind, he didn't know if it was possible to spawn with a human that had been changed but it hadn't scared her off. Nothing really did but one thing, losing him. He thought of her warnings of her 'visions' of his demise, some of the things the children did were spot on to her visions. He had started to feel the edges of fear himself and within that the thought of leaving Eona alone or worse her taking his place and perishing had sparked a true fear in him.

Being rather passionate with her this last week when that fear had sparked, he wouldn't let anything steal her away, she was his. She had found him and come for him. He wouldn't lose that for anything not even for a chance at prey. There was always new prey. Pennywise decided to use this house as a test now, if the things she had spoken of came true or true enough he would seriously be considering her plan. To leave Derry for awhile to a new hunting ground, she had

already started searching in hopes he would heed her words.

She had also been looking at odd places, collecting odd things. Almost like...nesting. It had caused him to really pay attention to her and reflect, deep down he wasn't human, and he was a creature. Creatures had a life cycle, born, survive, mate, reproduce, provide, and die. He wouldn't be dying anytime soon, but he had reached a new point in his own cycle of life. He had found a mate and mated, if he had reproduced with her it would explain her sudden snappy reactions and stronger preservations she had presented.

Pennywise thought of Eona then in that stage and of the child that would be, the new monster. He found himself incredibly curious to what it would be like actually, if it would be male, female, would it be human, would it be something more. The thought of offspring had irked him at first but...if it came from Eona...well he wasn't for it but he wasn't against it either. Eona was the same and told him when it was time it would happen.

He had agreed, and found it funny that he kept thinking of her pregnant and the new creature that would come into this dimension and universe not made by that damned turtle. He grinned at the thought of the Turtle creating humans and that a human had found and changed to a monster and that spawn was like a smack in the face, to be a harbinger to the turtle's universe. With a giggle he had spring in his step and slipped into the shadow as Bill, Richie and Eddie slipped into the house. Taking on the voice of Betty Ripson. Luring his prey upstairs, time to play.